

LAFFITTE of LOUISIANA

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CHAPTER XVIII.

When Laffitte and Greloire were ushered into Napoleon's cabinet, and the former's eyes fell upon him he had for so many years longed to see, his first sensation was that of pain.

The slender form was gone,—lost in the personality of the stout, middle-aged man, who, lounging in a velvet-cushioned chair, looked at Laffitte carelessly—coldly, as at an entire stranger.

His appearance and attitude bore out Greloire's remark,—that it was said the emperor was "strangely indifferent to everything." Every line of the listless face and relaxed form indicated this.

As the ex-soldier approached and bowed low, a faint smile lightened Napoleon's repellent expression, and he said graciously, "Greloire, I am pleased to see you, and to know that you have not forgotten one who thought highly of you in more prosperous days. Who is this you bring with you?"

"Sire, Captain Jean Laffitte, of Louisiana," answered Greloire, after a moment's hesitancy; and Laffitte, coming forward, bowed respectfully.

"Jean Laffitte," Napoleon repeated slowly, looking not at the former, but at Greloire. "I have heard the name before, but not to the wearer's credit. I ask you, Greloire,—and his voice took a yet icier note,—you, who are his sponsor, why Captain Jean Laffitte, of Louisiana, dare present himself before me?"

"I, Jean Laffitte, will answer your question, Sire; I, Jean Laffitte, of Louisiana! And I say to the man whom my boyish heart adored, and whom my man's heart loves, that I dare present myself to him because I have ships, gold, men, at my command, and all these, with my own life, are his, if he can find use for them."

There was a short silence, and one

"Tut, tut, boy," replied Napoleon, with all his old air of affection, and tapping the shoulder upon which one of his hands still rested, "when you have reached my years you will know better than to waste time and thoughts in useless regrets. Let the past go, Jean, my lad, and look only into the future."

The emperor resumed his seat, and resting his hands upon the arms of the chair, stared straight before him, while Laffitte stood looking down at the seated form.

"And may I not do something for you?" urged Laffitte, making a final appeal.

"No—no. Go you and Greloire; you must leave me, for I feel it unwise that you remain another moment. You can do nothing—nothing, for me. But I am glad to have seen you—both of you; and I thank you, Jean, my valiant ghost from the past, for your offer and your love."

The emperor, as he spoke, leaned forward in his chair; and there was a caress in his smile and tone, as well as in his touch upon Laffitte's hand.

"If ever a time should come, Sire, when I can serve you, may I have the honor and happiness of receiving your commands?" was asked longingly.

"And you would come to me?" "Come to you?" said Laffitte, in a tone so emphatic that the emperor made a gesture of warning. "Yes, Sire, through all the ships England might seek to intercept."

"If this be so, Jean, then perhaps you may some day hear from me. Meanwhile your adopted country (and I hope I may some time see it) is at war with England, my most implacable enemy; and the conflict may afford you an opportunity for freeing the name of Laffitte from obloquy. And, when this is done, I would ask of you to assume again your rightful name—the one belonging to your fa-

ther's title and estate."

"My father's name and estates, Sire? Surely these are but phantoms of the past, with which I, Jean Laffitte, can have no connection."

The speculative eyes turned a smiling glance upon him as the emperor said, "It is scarcely a safe thing to aver what may or may not be in the future. You, who seem so desirous of serving me—cannot you promise me this?"

"Indeed, yes, Sire," was the fervent answer as the speaker bent to touch with his lips the hand pressing his own.

"Be it so. Now"—and the clasping hand released its hold—"you must leave me; and be sure to remember my wish that you remain with Muriel until you hear from me. Good-night, Greloire. Good-night, Jean."

The gray eyes and dark ones exchanged a last fleeting glance of parting as Laffitte, following Greloire from the room, paused an instant in the doorway to look back.

Laffitte, quartered in one of Madame Teche's dimly-lit chambers, slept little that night. He reviewed again and again the meeting with Napoleon, until his brain was in a turmoil of thought that banished sleep.

If the emperor would go to America, might not he, Laffitte, be the means of getting him there in safety?

It was late when Greloire went to sleep, still half-conscious of the footsteps in the room next to his own; and he awoke to see Laffitte standing by his bedside.

"It is scarcely an hour after sunrise, Greloire, and I regret to disturb you. But a messenger has just left a package with me, together with a written message from the emperor, requesting that you and I leave the island now, as speedily as possible."

"So?" said Greloire, rubbing his eyes. "Then it is best that I leave this comfortable bed. Did you say the emperor sent you a package?"

"Yes. And when I tore off the outer wrapping, I found upon the inner one his request that I should not examine it until we had left the island. What do you suppose can be the meaning of this?"

"Wait, mon ami; wait until you

open the packet. Then I must tell you something that has escaped my mind until now."

Breakfast was soon despatched; and, after thanking Madame Teche for her hospitality, her guests took their leave, pursued, until out of hearing, by voluble farewells and urgings to come again.

Muriel walked with them to the beach, which they found deserted, with the full tide rolling in over the pebbled sand in a hushed way, as if its mood were depressed.

Laffitte, drawing a scarlet handkerchief from his pocket, waved it above his head; and the master of the fishing-smack replied with a speedy hulloa that came faintly across the water.

The fisherman beached his boat near Greloire, who now called to them, and stood waiting as they strolled along to join him.

The captain of the smack was easily induced to land his passengers on the French coast; and they were scarcely under way before the former, asking Greloire to accompany him, went below,—to open the package.

It was somewhat bulky, and as his fingers broke the last wrapping, a collection of papers, some of them discolored by years, others evidently of more recent date, fell upon the cabin table. And in their midst shone the dull gold frame of an ivory-painted miniature.

For a second Laffitte stared at this; then, picking it up, he looked intently at the gypsy-like face of the portrait.

"Ah, mon Dieu! How came the emperor by this?" he cried chokingly, the sight of the beautiful face, which Margot had taught him to love as the mother whom he had never known, making the past more real than the present.

Greloire, who was lighting a cigar, said dryly, "Examine the papers, and if they do not tell you, perhaps I can do so."

Laffitte glanced at them hurriedly. They comprised his parents' marriage certificate, and all the other papers, together with the jewels, that had been in the small iron box so many years ago. There were also more recent papers, showing that the property in Languedoc had been released from sequestration, and held in trust by Napoleon, emperor of France, for "Jean, son and heir of the Baron —, and sometimes known as Jean Laffitte, of Louisiana, in North America."

All the documents were there, showing in detail the legal proceedings, instituted and perfected under the Consulate, and confirmed under the Empire.

As the last paper fell from his hand, Laffitte buried his face in his crossed arms amid the heap of precious things upon the table.

All the past was rolling in upon him, a sea of living reality, so distinct and intense that the present appeared dim and vaporous.

What had, but last night, seemed to him legitimate in the light of his every-day world, as he met its events, now looked honor-stained when confronted with the appealing sweetness of the pictured face that had represented to his boyhood all that was best and purest, and the present sight of which had brought so vividly before his mental vision the dimmed face of faithful Margot, and that proud, stately man he had known as father, of whom he could recall no word or act dictated by other than a sense of the highest honor toward his fellows.

And Bonaparte, the idol of his youthful heart, but for so many years doubted and mistrusted,—he had obtained and treasured these proofs of the wayward boy's position as that father's son and heir, while the son himself was risking in alien lands the sacrifice of his rightful name and heritage!

An anguished silence kept him mute; and Greloire, as if understanding this, said nothing.

(To be continued.)

SOME PRANKS OF LIGHTNING.

Fantastic Tricks Played Upon Unfortunate Victims.

One of the fantastic tricks which lightning plays upon its unfortunate victims is a kind of flashlight photography. There are numerous instances of this which are more or less "authenticated," but they seem almost too wonderful to be believed. One of these is of a young man in New Jersey who was struck by lightning and was taken in an ambulance to the hospital at once. There seemed to be no wound except a small mark on the back, but while the doctors and nurses were examining him a picture began to develop on the skin. Soon before the wondering eyes of the watchers appeared a perfect picture of the figure of Christ nailed to the cross. The explanation is that on the wall opposite the bed on which the young man lay was the picture which was reproduced on his skin.

Another instance is of a man who was struck by lightning, and on his chest were red marks resembling the tree with all its branches under which the man was standing when he was killed. From France comes the story of a peasant girl who was driving a cow from the pasture when she was overtaken by a storm, and she and the cow took refuge under the tree. A bolt killed the cow and stunned the girl. When she recovered consciousness she found on her chest a picture of the cow she had been driving.

The chateleine of the castle of Benatonnaire was sitting in a chair in her salon when the chateau was struck by lightning. She was quite uninjured, but on the back of her dress was found a perfect copy of the chair on which she had been sitting, down to its minutest ornament. These are a few of the many strange pranks which lightning plays upon us.

THE STRAIN OF WORK.

Best of Backs Give Out Under the Burden of Daily Toil.

Lieutenant George G. Warren, of No. 3 Chemical, Washington, D. C., says: "It's an honest fact that Doan's Kidney Pills did me a great lot of good, and if it were not true I would not recommend them. It was the strain of lifting that brought on kidney trouble and weakened my back, but since using Doan's Kidney Pills I have lifted 600 pounds and felt no bad effects. I have not felt the trouble come back since, although I had suffered for five or six years, and other remedies had not helped me at all."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N.Y.



Easily Jolted.

"Let me sell you some of our celebrated beautifier for babies," said the agent.

"I don't care for any," replied the busy mother. "Why don't you try next door? That lady has a baby."

"Ah, madam, but your baby is so much prettier. I am sure our preparation would show off to more advantage if you bought a package."

"Dear me! How much is it?—Chicago News.

He Probably Knew.

Mr. Hardnut—I admit, sir, that my life has not been what it should be, but I truly and unselfishly love your daughter, and if ever I give her a moment's pain I hope I'll be made to suffer torture for it.

Old Gentleman (warningly)—Oh, you will. You don't know her.—New York Weekly.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children.

Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York, cure Constipation, Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 30,000 testimonials. At all druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N.Y.

Weight of a Dinner.

It has been seriously asserted by many people that we are naturally lighter after a meal, and they have even gone the length of explaining this by the amount of gas that is developed from the food. Average observations, however, show that we lose 3 pounds and 6 ounces between night and morning; that we gain 1 pound 12 ounces by breakfast; that we again lose about 14 ounces before lunch; that lunch puts on an average of 1 pound; that we again lose during the afternoon an average of 10 ounces, but that an ordinary dinner to healthy persons adds 2 pounds 2 ounces to their weight.

Why the Hermit Kingdom.

Oppressed by her neighbors for centuries and overrun with war; her people decimated; her cities, her temples, and her libraries sacked and destroyed; her nobles and maidens driven off to China, and her artisans to Japan; the most ambitious and unscrupulous of her subjects constantly stirred to intrigue and conspiracy by foreign powers, it is small wonder that Korea has endeavored to shut herself off from the world, and by becoming the "Hermit Kingdom," has effectually barred the way to all progress.—From W. F. Sands' "Korea and the Korean Emperor" in the February Century.

Some men hustle almost as hard for a job as some women hustle for a husband.

It is the lucky man that tells you there is no such thing as luck.

CHILDREN AFFECTED.

By Mother's Food and Drink.

Many babies have been launched into life with constitutions weakened by disease taken in with their mother's milk. Mothers cannot be too careful as to the food they use while nursing their babies. The experience of a Kansas City mother is a case in point:

"I was a great coffee drinker from a child, and thought I could not eat a meal without it. But I found at last it was doing me harm. For years I had been troubled with dizziness, spots before my eyes and pain in my heart, to which was added two years ago, a chronic sour stomach. The baby was born 7 months ago, and almost from the beginning, it, too, suffered from sour stomach. She was taking it from me!"

"In my distress I consulted a friend of more experience than mine, and she told me to quit coffee, that coffee did not make good milk, I have since ascertained that it really dries up the milk."

"So, I quit coffee, and tried tea and at last cocoa. But they did not agree with me. Then I turned to Postum Coffee with the happiest results. It proved to be the very thing I needed. It not only agreed perfectly with baby and myself, but it increased the flow of my milk. My husband then quit coffee and used Postum, quickly got well of the dyspepsia with which he had been troubled. I no longer suffer from the dizziness, blind spells, pain in my heart or sour stomach. Postum has cured them."

"Now we all drink Postum from my husband to my seven months' old baby. It has proved to be the best hot drink we have ever used. We would not give up Postum for the best coffee we ever drank. Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. There's a reason."

Get the little book "The Road to Wellville" in each pkg.

FRESH AIR FOR CONSUMPTIVES

Most Effective Weapon Available for Conflict With Dreaded "White Plague"

The following abstracts from an article by J. E. Stubbett, M. D., in the Medical Record, should receive wide and careful attention. No doubt if these ideas could be carried out, the "white plague" would be robbed of much of its terror:

In ancient times it was highly improper to expose a tuberculous patient, especially one beyond the first stage, to a breath of fresh air except on the mildest days in summer, while the night air was dreaded and avoided as the plague. Then the more observant and thoughtful men noticed that those who lived more in the open air did not die as quickly as the hot-house patients, and they began to urge an outdoor life and moderate exercise as a prophylactic as well as a cure for those in the early stages of consumption. Those in the more advanced stages were allowed fresh air only when it was at summer temperature, but even this was better than being kept indoors in warm, ill-ventilated rooms the whole year.

There are several plans by which the victim of tuberculosis may continuously breathe pure, fresh air by night as well as by day. Sleeping out in the open air is not harmful to a large majority of tuberculous people.

Millet, of Brockton, Mass., reports the cases of five patients whom he recommended to sleep out of doors at night. They were allowed no roof over their heads except in rainy weather. They wore soft felt hats and cotton nightshirts, sleeping under ordinary bedclothes in beds arranged on the roofs of their houses. Improvement was noted in two weeks. Coughs disappeared, temperatures became normal, respirations were easier and weight increased rapidly. No attention was paid to dampness and drafts, and heavy dews were regarded as inconvenient simply because of the necessity of drying the bedclothes.

Sleeping in a small room with an open window does not appear to be nearly so beneficial to the patient as when the nights are passed on a veranda or in a tent where there is a free circulation of air on all sides. If a patient were fortunate enough to have a large room with a southern exposure and containing one or two open fireplaces, in addition to large windows on three sides, which might be opened at night, he might derive approximately the benefit incident to tent life.

McGraham, of South Carolina, prefers the circular to the army tent, and thinks it better to place it on a platform two feet from the ground, and to do without carpets and draperies. Draperies are not necessary, but rugs add greatly to the comfort and convenience of those in ill health, and their use can be made perfectly safe by exposing them to the sunlight for a few hours daily.

Special Hospitals for Consumptives.

A hundred years ago the city of Naples, Italy, erected a large hospital for consumptives, and required the isolation of all persons suffering from this disease. It is only recently, however, that the authorities of modern cities have become awakened to the importance of this sanitary measure. Recently a number of cities have taken steps for the establishment of hospitals especially for the treatment of cases of consumption by the so-called "open-air method." Excellent results are reported from this method of treatment.

The German government has a large central committee numbering more than thirteen hundred persons, organized for the purpose of erecting hospitals for the treatment of tuberculosis. This committee has under its supervision seventy-four such hospitals, and last year treated over thirty thousand patients, of whom eighty per cent were returned to their homes practically cured after remaining in the hospitals on an average of a little less than three months.

An Extra Good Appetite.

A good appetite is a symptom of good health. An extra good appetite is sometimes a symptom of constitutional disturbance somewhere. A sample letter sent to the "Questions and Answers" column of a prominent health journal was something like this:

"I am troubled with pimples, not to a great extent, but still very annoying. They appear principally on the forehead, but occasionally on other places. I often feel languid, and tire easily, and cannot gain flesh, although I have an extra good appetite. Still I am not sick, and have not been in bed for a day in my life. Age, nineteen years. Will you kindly advise me what you think would remove these pimples?"

There is little doubt but that the "extra good appetite" alluded to affords the key to the situation. The digestive organs have more than they can take care of, and consequently do not properly take care of anything furnished. There will be frequent headaches, skin disorders and alternate constipation and diarrhea with such persons. Pimples are a natural result of such depraved blood conditions.

With many people the habit of hearty eating is continued when the warm spring days come. Food which was appropriate when the thermometer was at zero is continued in the same quality and quantity when the thermometer rises to ninety degrees in the sun, and averages above sixty all day and night. The person who loses his appetite under such a condi-

tion is on safe ground. The person with an extra good appetite will have to exercise self-control or be placed on the retired list to learn wisdom by experience.

Cigarettes.

Tobacco injures men and kills children. The Chicago school board has been having a medical examination of certain pupils before allowing them to take part in certain athletic sports. Boys and girls were subjected to the same examination. Not one girl was found unable to pass, while a large number of the boys, in almost every case smokers, were found to be in a physical condition which made violent exercise of any kind very dangerous. Twenty-one out of a hundred were found unfit, and all but three suffered from some form of heart trouble. Almost without exception the unfit ones were cigarette smokers.

How to Earn Sound Sleep.

All doctors are not so careful of the welfare of their patients as they might be. Here is a story of one who went to the limit. He is the proprietor of a famous health resort not far from —. When he receives a patient for treatment he says:

"Now, I want it understood that unless you do exactly as I say, there is no use of your staying."

This rule sometimes requires him to be very harsh, but he never hesitates. He acts on the theory that he can better afford to offend a single patient and lose him than to have that patient go back home and tell his friends Dr. So-and-So had done him no good, relates the Washington Star.

Not long ago a well-known clergyman went to this resort for treatment. The doctor looked him over upon his arrival and said:

"While you are here you must take long walks every day."

"But I can't take walks," replied the parson. "I haven't done any walking for years. My heart won't stand it."

They argued the question quite warmly. As the clergyman and doctor were good friends, the latter was more lenient than usual. However, he bided his time. The next afternoon the physician said to the clergyman:

"It's a nice day. I would like you to go horseback riding with me."

Riding they went. When they were about eight miles from the sanitarium the physician said: "Oh, doctor, won't you get me that flower by the roadside? I don't like to leave this horse."

As soon as the clergyman was on the ground the doctor galloped off with both horses, and the clergyman was compelled to walk back to the sanitarium. Upon his arrival he was very angry, and was for packing up and leaving at once. There was no train that night, so he was forced to stay a few hours longer. The next morning he came down radiant and good natured.

"Doctor," said he, "I was pretty sore at you last night, but I forgive everything. I have had the first good sleep I have enjoyed in months. Hereafter I'll obey your order implicitly."

TIMELY VEGETARIAN RECIPES.

Cream of Celery Soup—Ingredients: Celery tops, 1 quart cream or rich milk.

Method—Put tops in saucepan, cover with water, simmer one hour. Drain, return water to pan, add milk and stalks, simmer one-half hour longer, season to taste, remove celery, thicken to consistency of cream. Serve hot.

Chili Sauce—Ingredients: One quart strained tomato, 4 tablespoonfuls minced celery, 3 tablespoonfuls minced onion, sugar.

Method—Put all together in saucepan, let come to boil, set on back of range and simmer two hours. A small piece of lemon peel and a cup of chopped tart apples will greatly improve the flavor. Cook till apples are done, remove lemon peel, cool, serve.

Candied Sweet Potatoes—Boil potatoes till tender, remove jackets, arrange in oiled baking pan, sprinkle with powdered sugar, brown in slow oven.

Sweet Potato Cutlets—Pare potatoes, cover with boiling water, boil twenty minutes, drain off half the water, and cook till soft. They should be almost dry when done. Mash or put through ricer. Form in shape of chops, sprinkle with powdered sugar, and brown in medium oven. Serve with sugar peas.

Porkless Baked Beans—Wash beans, place in heavy pot and boil five minutes. Salt to taste. Bake twenty-four hours in slow oven, keeping barely covered with water. When done, the beans should be of a uniform dark brown. Longer cooking will improve.

Potatoes Lyonnaise—Chop cold boiled or baked potatoes. Season with salt while chopping. Stir in onions and parsley minced. If too stiff, thin with nut cream to consistency desired. Turn into oiled baking pan, smooth, brush with cream, brown. Serve in squares.

Turnips Stewed in Cream—Pare young turnips, cut in dice. Simmer till nearly done. Drain off nearly all the water. Add enough cream to barely cover. Salt to taste. Simmer till tender (don't boil). Thicken slightly. Serve.



"I, Jean Laffitte, will answer your question, Sire."

that seemed heavy, after the passionate voice had ceased. Then an icy tone made sharp contrast as the emperor said, "These ships, men, and gold, Captain Laffitte—how is it that you come to have them?"

Laffitte found it difficult to control himself—to make his voice and bearing accord with the respect he felt, and had but now expressed, for the man whose sarcastic calm turned back the impetuous torrent of his feelings. But the tone in which he replied was quiet, although husky with repressed emotion.

"Despite, Sire, the tales which have distorted my name and acts, and which I perceive have reached your ears to prejudice you against me, I claim that what I have of property was personally gained by legitimate means—in trading, and also by warfare which was perfectly honorable in its way. I have come with the same heart for whose love you once cared, to pray that you let me serve you, if I may, and die happy, in winning back the peace of mind a reckless boy threw away."

A new light swept like a softening hand across Napoleon's austere face.

"Captain Laffitte, you are right," he said, with an entire change of voice and manner. He extended his hand; and Laffitte, with a rush of new emotions, bowed deeply, and pressed it to his lips.

As he raised his head, the emperor's fingers tightened their clasp, and he rose to his feet.

"A man whose heart can treasure such love for me during all these many years is surely one who should not be misjudged," he said, looking up into the younger man's face; "most surely not by me, and at such a time as the present."

As he uttered the final words he placed his arms around Laffitte's shoulders and embraced him.

"Sire!"

A volume of emotions spoke in that single word.

"Sire, my whole heart is grateful for these words of confidence and esteem. No one can realize better than myself how grave was the mistake I made; and no man would make greater sacrifices to undo it."